



AN
E P I S T L E

FROM

Lord SCUDAMORE,

IN THE

ELYSIAN FIELDS

TO

VELTERS CORNWALL, Esq;



(Price Sixpence.)

E I L S T E

Lord & Co. D. A. W. O. R. B.

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A N
E P I S T L E
FROM
Lord Scudamore,
IN THE
ELYSIAN FIELDS,
TO
VELTERS CORNWALL, Esq;
REPRESENTATIVE
FOR THE
County of *Hereford*;
OCCASIONED
BY THE LATE DUTY ON
C Y D E R, &c.



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A N
E P I S T L E
F R O M

Lord *SCUDAMORE*,

IN THE
E L Y S I A N F I E L D S,

T O
VELTERS CORNWALL, Esq;

L.

CORNWALL, thy Country's darling Pride,
To whom her ardent Wishes bend;
In whole kind Care her Swains confide,
Thro' ev'ry Scene their constant Friend!

B

In

II.

In lovely Converſe as we walk'd
By fair *Elyſium*'s lucid Stream,
Of * *Ariconian* Pleaſures talk'd,
Of natal Soil, transporting Theme :

III.

Fir'd with the Theme, each golden Lyre
We ſtrung; each Voice accorded well:
Beaufort and *Chandois* join'd the Choir,
With † *Philips*' fam'd melodious Shell.

IV.

Amid the dulcet Harmony
Divine, that charm'd the liſt'ning Vale,
In the full Tide of Raptures high,
Fame ſped with this unwelcome Tale :

V.

“ In their *Pomona*'s fruitful Shade
With wild Amaze our Natives dear,
Stood terror-ſtruck, appall'd, diſmay'd ;
And ſhudd'ring with heart-chilling fear,

* *Ariconium*, the antient Name of the City of *Hereford*. † The Author of
a celebrated Poem, intitl'd, *CYDER*.

VI.

Left soon their Pruning-hooks assume
The rigid Axe's baleful form:
Their wide Plantations' final Doom
They dreaded from th' impending Storm.

VII.

When near a fav'rite * Redstreak's Root
His toil-worn Limbs *Dametas* threw;
Up-look'd, survey'd th' ambrosial Fruit,
So beauteous once, so sweet to view.

VIII,

Then down he cast his piteous Eye;
(The Prospect now was tort'ring Pain)
Heav'd from his Breast the lab'ring Sigh,
And pour'd this melancholy Strain:"

IX.

" Ah! what avails the cultur'd Land?
" Ah! why the sapling Plants we rear,
" Why tend their Growth with fost'ring Hand,
" And nurse them with unwearied Care?

* A Plant of the first Rank and Character, much cultivated by Lord Scudamore.

X.

“ In vain we cloath the grateful Soil ;
“ The thriving Stems aspire in vain,
“ Fair Produce of our honest Toil,
“ Flatt’ring with visionary Gain.

XI.

“ What Joy can the flush’d Blossoms yield,
“ What the matur’d luxuriant Crops,
“ If bold Intruders range the Field,
“ And blast at once our fondest Hopes?

XII.

“ Where are the precious Sweets of Peace,
“ Blest with whose Charms, erst ev’ry Hind
“ Enjoy’d his Fig-tree’s Shade at Ease,
“ Or soft beneath his Vine reclin’d?

XIII.

“ And shall the Swains of Britain’s Isle,
“ They, the fam’d Sons of Liberty,
“ No longer feel her radiant Smile,
“ Nor rest within their Orchards free?” -----

XIV. At

XIV.

At the sad Tale, 'mid Scenes of Joy
A sudden Damp seiz'd ev'ry breast:
And e'en *Elysium's* blissful Sky
A gloom, unknown before, confess'd. ----

XV.

But hark ! --- sweet Sounds of happier Days
Ring thro' the amarantine Bow'r:
And *Fame* with other Notes conveys
Glad Tidings from the Voice of Pow'r.

XVI.

Nor shall those Visitants they dread
Hence stalk the Cyder Groves around.
Yet prosp'rous shall their Fruitage spread,
Yet shall their Vintages abound.

XVII.

The Planters with reviving glee
Shall cherish their belov'd Retreat,
The vernal Prime delighted see,
And Autumn's mellowing Season greet.

XVIII.

How will the Peasant's heart rejoice
When fierce Intrusion is no more !
O how extoll with rapt'rous voice
The Hand that eas'd his Burden fore !

XIX.

Then unrelenting will he drain
From the rich pulp the gen'rous Juice ;
And ev'ry Nerve with pleasure strain
To swell his foaming Vats profuse.

XX.

And when, their annual Toil compleat,
The wintry Eve to rural Mirth
Invites ; all jocond when they meet
Round the bright-blazing genial Hearth ;

XXI.

Chear'd with their vegetable Wealth,
With liveliest Gratitude endu'd,
In circling draughts each Worthy's health
They'll wish, the Virtuous, and the Good.

XXII. Thee,

XXII.

Thee, *Cornwall*, thee and thy * Compeer,
Blending their artless rustick lays,
Loud they'll resound, with hearts sincere
Fond to record your ample Praise.

XXIII.

And *Oxford's* patriot Love they'll ne'er
Forget to laud; nor pass unsung
His high Deserts (great † *Harley's* Heir)
The dear Delight of ev'ry tongue.

XXIV.

The Sire's exulting Bosom glows;
Elysium's charm'd with *Harley's* Fame;
Here, as where winding ‡ *Vaga* flows,
Ever most lov'd, most honour'd Name.

* Sir *John Morgan*. † Lord Treasurer *Oxford*. ‡ The River *Wye*.

(11)

XXII

That God will bless the land of Egypt

And that the Nile will bring forth fruit

And that the land will be fruitful

And that the land will be fruitful

XXIII

And O Lord, God of Israel

Thou art the Lord, the Lord alone

Thou art the Lord, the Lord alone

Thou art the Lord, the Lord alone

The Lord's exulting Babylon glows

The Lord's exulting Babylon glows

There as where winding rivers flow

Ever and anon, most honour'd Name

THE LORD'S EXULTING BABYLON GLOWS

F I N I S

